

OYSTERS IN DUXBURY

In 1901, the Town gave a grant to James Killion, which was transferred that same day to Rocky Point Oyster Co., of Providence. The grant gave permission to plant and later harvest oysters the full length of the beach channel South of the bridge. The following year a second grant extended the same privilege to a part of the main channel North of the bridge. Seed oysters were brought up from Narragansett Bay and planted along the channel. Captain Killion's boathouse, now rebuilt and the home of Mrs. Carlton Gifford at the end of River Lane, was adapted for handling the new business. In a short time the seed oysters had grown enough for many to be harvested, and I can well remember having my mother send me over with a pail and orders to bring back a quart or 2 of oysters. I would stand by and watch while they were being shucked into my pail. Had all gone well we might even now be enjoying oysters raised in our own Duxbury Bay, but unfortunately, just as the business seemed well on its way, we had 2 or 3 winters in succession when the bay ice froze to a foot or more and stayed frozen all through the harvest season. I remember the first of these years when a small tug was

brought down to serve as an icebreaker and men with saws tried to clear a channel, but the open water soon closed up again and nothing could be done. Some 3 years after that first cold winter the project was given up and except for a few oysters planted in Blue Fish River near the bridge 30 years ago nothing has been done. This last planting was full grown oysters and they were soon after misappropriated by local outlaws, all friends of mine, so no names will be mentioned, though I have to admit I did not share their gains.

The more pleasant experiences of the past are most apt to remain in our thoughts, while those that were sad or distasteful are most easily forgotten. This is especially true of those events which took place during war. I think far more often of the time 2 of us from Dartmouth gave an exhibition of ski jumping in a Paris dance hall, using roller skates instead of skis, than I do of the time a good friend of long standing suffered a direct hit from a German shell. About 150 years ago Thomas Moore wrote:

"When Time, who steals
our years away,
Shall steal our pleasures, too,
The memory of the past will stay,
And half our joys renew."

HALL'S CORNER



Corner of Bay Rd. and Standish St. - the Myrick Building.